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Period 7

Altering perception

I am unable to remember anything specific before the 2nd grade.

As I look back into my memory, all I can see is a foggy membrane surrounding my childhood. It is similar to walking into a forest, desperately searching for something that lacks a name and appearance, unknown to me, but I still search. I could never sort out why I had seemed to gain restricted amnesia. Possibly my childhood was so ordinary there was nothing to remember? Maybe I am subconsciously trying to close off a painful part of my life? Perhaps I have a terrible memory? But only recently have I come up with a conclusion; it was because I had changed. My consciousness had commutated so drastically that I was unable to comprehend my mind in years passed. I believe that self-change is what makes us human.

Over these fifteen years, I have been walking on earth; I have never once been truly constant. When I was seven years old, my parents decided to move to California and start a new life in a new location. At first, I was decidedly devastated that I needed to leave my friends and community which I was substantially attached to; I was anxious about adjusting to a new environment with unpredictable elements such as my classmates. But after a few months of attending schools and wandering the neighborhood, I was perfectly comfortable with my accommodations. I would barely ever think about my old home, and over time the memory has faded into an image reflected onto the fogged glass. And as time passes, our minds and bodies continue to change and refresh themselves.

The idea of change can apply to the majority of memorable moments in our lives, moving with us through the timeline we use to measure our lives. I believe we all have the power to change ourselves and how others see us. In the recent years of my existence, I have found it onerous to make connections with others my age. I would feel anxious about communicating with others, pondering the possibilities that I would make a mistake or get complaints from my company. I would stop raising my hand in class from fear of attention. I would avoid conflict and seal my opinions and emotions by sewing my lips shut with a needle of my own making. I learned that to help myself, instead of forcing myself to participate with logic, I must change my mindset; to truly change. I believe that human beings can bring forth physical changes with mental change.

No matter how you look at it, our lives center around change. Whether it be a negative or positive scenario, everything is changing. If we were to look at the Epistemology of it, I could claim that nothing will ever be the same. I will never be wearing these exact clothes on this day. Some people fear the idea of change. For years, the human race has been fighting wars over the fear of change. What is overcoming diversity if not accepting change within yourself and embracing other's differences?

I believe change should be received in all forms.